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It is said that the busy B's, Ben Butler and Belva Lockwood, have received a flattering offer from a theatrical manager to star in the "Two Orphans."

ONE of our French exchanges mentions the news that the popular soup in Paris is "potage a la Sarah Bernhardt." It is made by chasing a hen through a tub of warm water.

It is said that General Butler is preparing to run the race for Governor of Massachusetts again next year. The General is bound to keep himself before the people.

THE Toledo Commercial-Telegram of Saturday says: "The friends of Bob Lincoln are cultivating a sentiment favorable to his nomination in 1888." The Telegram will not be accused of being "too previous" in this matter.

THE London Saturday Review says that the result of the election in Illinois "will depend upon the official returns of the New York votes." Perhaps the able editor of the Review thinks that Illinois is one of the back wards of New York city.

THE most sensible mad-man who has been heard from is one who at Munich tried to strangle the person who sat next to him during the performance of one of Wagner's operas, in the delusion that he had the author of the opera in his clutches.

"OKLAHOMA" Payne has shuffled off his mortal coil and pitched his tent in the happy hunting grounds of the hereafter. Now let us hope that the "bucks" who woo the dusky maidens of the Indian Territory will be allowed undisputed possession of their birthright.

It isn't often that the small boy finds much to interest him in the Common Council proceedings, but that indispensable and much-esteemed nuisance will learn this morning with unbounded joy that the city fathers last night gave him and his sled the right of way in a few of our streets.

THE abstract of President Arthur's last message, published on the first page of THE TELEGRAM, will afford the average reader as much food for reflection as he will have time to masticate. The document is characteristic of the man. Without indulging in any effort at rhetorical effect, the President, after commenting favorably upon the peaceful settlement of the election controversy, turns attention directly and in a business-like manner to the Nation's most important interests and makes practical and valuable suggestions. It is an able State document.

Those who have read with interest "A Fool's Errand," "Bricks Without Straw" and "Our Continent," will, notwithstanding his mistakes, feel some sorrow at the misfortunes that have overtaken the author, Judge Tourgee. The examination of his affairs at Mayville, N. Y., in the legal proceedings against him, has revealed the fact that he is in great difficulties financially. He held \$10,000 worth of stock in "Our Continent," which he has lost. He has also incurred many debts in addition. His last book, "An Appeal to Caesar," was written when he was sick and distracted by financial troubles. It was transferred to creditors before completed, and although selling well, he derives nothing from it.

CAPT. DAVID L. PAYNE, known as "Oklahoma Payne," who died suddenly last Friday morning while eating breakfast at his hotel in Wellington, Kansas, has had a rather remarkable career, though he has failed to accomplish his purpose of making a permanent settlement in the Indian Territory. He has posed before the public for several years past, chiefly as a breaker of Indian treaties and the invader of Indian territory, and by his course has given some active employment to our army. He made his first raid into the Territory in July, 1880, and after an arrest and trial, followed it up with another in the fall of the same year, and another in May, 1882. He was finally forcibly driven from the Territory by United States troops, but at the time of his death was preparing for another raid. He has been a source of constant annoyance to the War Department, and it is to be hoped that his death will put a period to this class of disturbances.

OUR ARMY.
The annual report of the Secretary of War for the year ending June 30, 1884, shows that the military establishment of the United States costs less than twenty-five millions per year, a fact which should be gratifying to the public who groan under the burdens of taxation. Twenty-five millions is a good round sum and seems large in itself, but when compared with the military budgets of other nations it is but an insignificant sum. Several years ago the regular army was reduced

to a maximum of twenty-five thousand men, not including officers. The officers, including the instructors, cadets and employes in the telegraph service increases the entire force to a little over twenty-six thousand men, so that the cost of maintenance for the army is not exorbitant. Our military service requires less men than so insignificant a country as Greece is obliged to keep on a war footing, and only a fraction of that required by France, which maintains a force of two hundred and ninety thousand men and appropriates 650,000,000 francs for the Minister of War. Germany has an infantry force of two hundred and ninety thousand men maintained at a great expense, so that comparatively we are not overburdened with our army. While the powers of Europe struggle under the load which their vast military establishments impose, the people of the United States live in peace with their neighbors and prosper by cultivating the arts of peace instead of those of war.

CURRENT COMMENT.
Cincinnati Enquirer (Dem.): If Democrats do not get their share it will not be the fault of Mr. Hendricks. He believes very sensibly that the men who earned the victory should receive the benefits.

Cincinnati Volksblatt: With the politics of our municipal administration, the city rate of taxation also changes. Republican administrations as a rule reduce the taxes, and Democratic administrations increase them.

Howard Record: As the Republicans have the forming of the next Senate, why not make the Hon. J. W. Belknap, of Greenville, President pro tem? He is certainly deserving of it, and, when called upon, would make a capital presiding officer.

Lansing Republican: Without the 41,000 Butler votes, and more than 22,000 Prohibition votes to draw from Republican strength, what kind of a show would the old decrepit Democracy of Michigan have made? Here is food for Bourbon thought.

Jacksonville (Fla.) Journal: It is very absurd for Republicans to object to Democrats cheering for Jefferson Davis. It is, apparently, their year. Davis is one of them and it is, therefore, his year. Be good natured. Appomattox was nearly two years after Bull Run No. 1.

Chicago Inter Ocean: A Florida paper asserts that the principal business of Southern Republicans is "to steal chickens." If the Republicans in this region could persuade Democrats to confine themselves to chickens, and not steal State Senatorships, they would feel comparatively safe.

SERIAL SHIRT FRONTS.
An Amazing Invention Lately Patented By a Pennsylvanian Who Knows the Weaknesses of Mankind.

[Philadelphia Inquirer.]
"If anybody thinks that the inventive genius of the American people is on the wane he's hopelessly left, that's all," remarked one of the leading patent lawyers of Philadelphia yesterday afternoon, as he sat with his feet on the office table and smoked a patent Connecticut cigar warranted to deceive the most expert judge of Havana tobacco. "James," he continued, addressing the office boy, "bring me that package that came from Washington yesterday."

The lad produced a large paper parcel, from which the lawyer took what was to all appearances an ordinary colored shirt, being apparently of white linen, with a small design in the form of a horseshoe and jockey cap stamped all over the bosom and cuffs.

"I have just taken out a patent on this for a man in Lackawanna County, who calls it the Excelsior patent paper shirt and novelette." Here the speaker inserted his thumb nail at the bottom of the shirt bosom and proceeded to tear off a layer of the paper of which the shirt was made. He then tore off another layer, and then another and another, until six separate sheets in the shape of the bosom lay on the table, and he still held what looked like the original shirt in his hand. "You see it's a really remarkable idea. Here is this shirt, made of very tough paper, that won't tear without a great deal of pressure, and the bosom is made up of seven layers, one for each day in the week, if a man chooses to be lavish with his linen, or, if he like, to be an out-and-out swell, he can change half a dozen times a day. Now, on this sample all the fronts are the same, but they will be made in all sorts of styles, so that a fellow can wear this horseshoe figure if he wants to go to Coney Island to the races, or a crossed base ball bat design if he is going out to see the Philadelphia play the Athletics, or a neat little design in dots or bars, or something of that sort, if he is going off with his girl to Atlantic City or the matinee. That'll be all fixed by giving a card with each shirt telling the pattern on each of the seven fronts, which will be numbered from one to seven. Enough collars and cuffs will go with each shirt for the seven fronts, and the whole outfit will be sold for the small sum of fifty cents for the assorted patterns and thirty-five cents for the all white. Why, it's the biggest thing that has been struck since the telephone was patented."

"But what about the novelette part of the scheme?"
"Ah. I had forgotten to show you; see this," and the lawyer handed over one of the torn off shirt fronts, on the back of which was printed in fine type one chapter of a story entitled: "The Phantom Jockey: a Romance of Sheephead Bay."
"There you are, chapter I, of a sporting novelette, and it's continued and finished on the other six fronts. Of course, sometimes you will run across the same yarn twice or three times, but some thousands of different stories will be printed, and the lots made up so as to give each city and town as few duplicates as possible. Anyhow, the card will tell you what story is on the shirt, and you can be careful not to buy the same one twice. Some men will get so interested in the story when they rip off Monday's front that they will tear the whole week off, so as to learn the hero's fate, but that will be all the better, and is, indeed, part of the scheme in printing them all. Oh, I tell you this invention is going to be a great go, and, aside from its other virtues, will do more toward driving the Chinese laundrymen back to their native land than all the political howls that ever were heard."

ARABI IN EXILE.
A Visit to Egypt's Expatriated Premier.
Where a French Visitor Found Him, and How He Manages to Content Himself During His Enforced Absence From His Native Land.

[Cor. Paris Matin.]
Arrived at Colombo we set out for Mount Aron to visit the retreat of Arabi. Mr. Henri Gigari, formerly an agent at Cairo of Rubattino & Co., who is thoroughly acquainted with the Arabic language, consented to act as interpreter. While traveling through this country so singularly beautiful, I was almost tempted to envy the fate of the great Egyptian exile. This sentiment grew stronger when our coachman pulled up in a delightful garden in which the luxuriant vegetation of Ceylon was displayed in all its splendor. Servants came to meet us, and, after having taken our cards, conducted us to the veranda, which was used as a reception room. Of Arabi there have been a great many descriptions. If I recall rightly, he has been described as a man without education, equally dull morally and physically. I believe I have also seen pictures representing him as a half negro, with thick lips and a low forehead. Nothing could be more untrue. This Arabi in whose presence we found ourselves is a man of tall stature and majestic carriage. His face, which is truly handsome, with an intelligent forehead, is framed in a long black beard, tinged with gray, which gives him the appearance of a patriarch. The ease with which he converses and the affability of his manners denote in him the man of the world. If I did not fear to be guilty of a paradox in regard to the prisoner of the English, I would say that he is an accomplished gentleman.

Thanks to the good offices of an interpreter, the conversation did not languish. While smoking manillas and taking coffee a la Turque we spoke of Ceylon, of France, and, above all, of Egypt itself, the events in which the ex-dictator followed with an interest easily understood. "What does your excellency think of the war of the Mahdi and the result of it?"

"The campaign of the Mahdi," he replied, "must necessarily end in a reverse. The ardor of his troops will become worn out in the face of the nullity of the results obtained. The opportunity to march upon Egypt is gone by and will not come again."

"Do you believe that Gordon will be able to overcome the difficulties which surround him?"

"I know Gordon," said Arabi. "He has extraordinary energy. I am convinced that, unless there is an accident, he will put down the insurrection. As for the English, I imagine that when they have pacified the country, if they are wise, they will allow it all the autonomy possible. Egypt enslaved would be of less service to them than Egypt administering her own affairs. She is too near Europe, too directly in contact with modern ideas, to permit of her being subjugated to a state of vassalage like that of the principalities of the rajahs. The movement of all nations toward total independence may be checked for a time, but sooner or later, it will begin again."

Here Arabi closed the conversation. We could see that he enjoyed perfect liberty. He lives like a private gentleman, and has with him his wives and children. Some of the latter have been sent to Cairo to pursue their studies. If material comfort can stifle ambition, Arabi is certainly to be pitied. Ceylon ought not to make him regret Egypt, and his bitter bread of exile appears to be very much like a cake.

A BRIDE'S EXPERIMENT.
How a Young Woman is Alleged to Have Had Dead Loads of Fun With a Car Full of Men.

[N. Y. Letter.]
I hold it to be a truth constantly self-evident that a man will defend a woman against all men except himself. If you haven't noticed it already you have only to look for it an hour or so in any place of mixture of the sexes. Clap your eyes on a pretty woman without a male escort, and two phenomena will become obvious. Firstly, there will be a large amount of open and covert staring at her, to all of which her obliviousness is of course only assumed. Secondly, if one of the stargers happens to realize that others are at the same game, he will manifest plainly his disgust at such treatment of an unprotected beauty, utterly ignorant of his own offense. A husband and wife got into a street car. The man was somewhat drowsy in dress. The woman was under twenty, and as pretty as nature and art are in the habit of combining to produce. They were chatting on the very subject that I have introduced.

"Perceive, dear," said she, "I will prove to you that I am right, and take only ten minutes to do it. If you'll promise not to get angry about it."

He closed the contract. Then she drew herself up, as though the husband sitting beside her was an entire stranger, and waited for the car to fill with passengers at Union Square.
"Now," she whispered behind her fan, "observe how I am ogled when alone."
Within five minutes he saw that half a dozen masculine passengers, from hoary age to callow youth, eyed his bride with more or less audacity, and several manifestly would not have needed the smallest beginning of a wink on her part to seize upon her then and there. That part of the exhibition was a triumph for the wife, but the most curious feature of the experiment remained to be tried.
"You certainly do seem to attract a great deal of admiration," said the husband, supposing that the pretended strangeness was at an end. She lifted her eyebrows in simulated surprise, as though an impertinent fellow had unwarrantably accosted her, and pointedly turned her face away from him. He understood her now and did not speak to her further. Next she drew her shoulder away from contact with his. By this time the spectators were believing that he was annoying her dreadfully, and scornful glances were aimed at him. A man arose from the opposite side. "Will you exchange seats with me?" he very gallantly and politely said, lifting his hat most deferentially.
Now he had been foremost among the original oglers—the voracious simperers of them all.
"Thank you, sir," she replied, "but I prefer to sit by my husband."
Thus with the same stone she killed that vulgar bird and the dove-mate whom she had undertaken to instruct as to the philosophy of male gallantry.

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all Calf (solid)	1.25
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